

THE SPECTATOR

HE able editor of Collier's seems to have stirred up all sorts of trouble for himself by essaying to print in his

own picturesque fashion the story of how a certain small American community did its bit for the nation. As soon as this story was published he was besieged through the mails with glowing accounts of the unparalleled achievements of countless other communities. Each community had its own peculiar claim to distinction and its own self-constituted press agent.

All of which simply goes to show that community pride is in a sense the saving grace of America, and the smaller the communities the more spirited the rivalry between them. Say something complimentary about any one of them and a thousand others will arise in their majesty and lay claim to characteristics and achievements designed to surpass and overshadow all others. This disposition to boast of one's own neighborhood and defend it against all comers constitutes one of the most humorous yet inspiring traits to be found in the average, every-day American. Talk about "the Glory of the States;" this small community stuff is the crowning glory of them all. Without it this country would soon resolve itself into a state of affairs a little less lively than a morgue.

But to return to the predicament in which my esteemed contemporary must find himself. After he printed the first story he, of course, couldn't very handily avoid printing several others. He is nothing if not diplomatic, and so he has humored the howling community press agents by now and then commenting on one of their stories. How many of their offerings have found their way into the waste basket, heaven only knows, for by now he must have heard something from every little "burg" and cross-roads in the land. What a wonderful assortment of community chronicles he must now have on hand, but it is safe to say that he has never heard the story that I am about to tell.

"Dave" Morris from Utah's "Dixie," (His honor, I should say, for he is now judge of the Southern district) is responsible for the claim that there is a certain citizen by the name of Chamberlain who has already furnished ten sons to the army and has five more who have been examined and accepted and will leave for the front with the next Utah contingent. That is going some, even for Utah, and I am quite certain that Mr. Sullivan never heard the like of it before.

"How could it have happened?" I imagine I can hear him asking himself when the incident comes to

his attention. The answer is easy. According to reliable reports, Brother Chamberlain had by the grace of good fortune been able to surround himself with fifty-five children by the time he was fifty-five years of age. Of course some of this goodly number must have been boys, and there you are. All this, by the way, happened under the old dispensation, when the sky was the limit in this respect and no one, not even T. R., ever dreamed of race suicide.

While on the subject, I wonder whether this isn't the same fellow whose family grew so rapidly in numbers as to cause the authorities to inquire into his ability to provide for the increasing flock. After investigating the situation they thought it their duty to proffer assistance, but the old man indignantly refused to accept it, saying that he was perfectly able to paddle his own canoe so long as he was able to "buy boots by the case." That he managed to weather the storm and now, in the hour of his country's peril, is both able and willing to contribute fifteen big, strapping boys to the cause, testifies to his substantiality as a citizen.

It was my good fortune to attend a get-together affair of the descendants of the Pioneers and their friends on Thanksgiving eve, given under the auspices of the Daughters of the Mormon Battalion and kindred organizations. It was a typical old-fashioned gathering and I wouldn't have missed it for many times the admission charge which, by the way, went to swell the funds of the Red Cross, as did all the other miscellaneous proceeds of the evening.

It was a characteristic affair, everything being in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. But what appealed to me most was the old-time dancing. The old folks shook off their years, took the center of the floor and danced all the favorite old "squares" and "circles" with a grace and abandon that was really wonderful to behold. Nor did they forget the stately minuet, the Schottische and the polka. All told, it was a remarkable revival of old-fashioned dancing—the best I ever witnessed—and the old-timers who participated must have been wonderful dancers in their early days.

I HAVE just received a letter from my old friend Lou E. Cole, "The Cowboy Poet," who used to contribute some good stuff to the Weekly. Cole wasn't appreciated in Utah and during his stay here he saw some mighty tough sledding. Somehow or other he managed to scrape enough together to buy a fare to the coast, and since his arrival in Frisco he has been going like a house afire.

Just now he is busily engaged en-

tertaining the soldiers in the several encampments and is making good, of course. He was popular with the boys here and they couldn't see enough of him up at Fort Douglas. He suits himself to any company and possesses the happy faculty of conjuring up more old-fashioned fun on the spur of the moment than any other fellow I have ever seen. He writes poems, composes music, sings the cowboy songs and can almost make a fiddle talk. Also, he is a wonderful storyteller and has the knack of drifting into camp, getting acquainted with everybody right from the jump, and before he is around an hour he has made every soldier boy happy. No wonder they all swear by him.

He writes me that they are having a rousing time every evening, and that after the story-telling and music is over, they wind up the fun-making by singing the following song which he composed, to the tune of "John Brown's Body Lies A'Mouldering in the Grave." It isn't half bad, at that, and I can almost hear the boys cut loose and make the rafters ring as Cole leads them on. Here it is:

We're going to "hock der kaiser" for a demijohn of wine;
We'll frisk his royal helmet and we'll use it for a stein;
We'll toss the German eagle in the muddy, rolling Rhine—
As we go marching on.

Glory, glory hallelulah, etc.

We'll chuck the human tiger just below his bloody chin;
We'll muzzle, rope and lead him through the streets of old Berlin;
We're out to get the bounty on this world marauder's skin—
As we go marching on.

The world shall see the setting of this bloody bandit's sun.
We're out to raise our colors over kaiser, Turk and Hun.
Old Glory will be waving round the world when we are done—
As we go marching on.

IT happened in the court room during the trial of a husky young man who was charged with assault and battery. Throughout an especially severe cross examination the defendant stoutly maintained that he had merely pushed the plaintiff "a little bit."

"Well, about how hard?" queried the prosecutor.

"Oh, just a little bit," responded the defendant.

"Now," said the attorney, "for the benefit of the judge and the jury, you will please step down here and, with me for the subject, illustrate just how hard you mean."

Owing to the unmerciful badgering which the witness had just been through, the prosecutor thought that the young man would perhaps overdo the matter to get back at him, and thus incriminate himself.

The defendant descended as per schedule, and approached the waiting attorney. When he reached him the spectators were astonished to see him slap the lawyer in the face, kick him in the shins, seize him bodily, and, finally, with a supreme effort, lift him from the floor and hurl him prostrate across a table.

Turning from the bewildered prosecutor, he faced the court and explained mildly:

"Your honor and gentlemen, about one-tenth that hard!" — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"He is building castles out of clouds, and some time his creditors will come and gently ooze him onto the boundless spaces of desuetude, where the whangdoodle wears a nightcap and the daddow swings by its tail from the swuswus tree like a pendulum with whiskers on it."

It is with these words that "State Press" of the Dallas News describes the fate of the country publisher who continues to try to conduct a newspaper at a loss. How awful such a fate is may be imagined by the reader—and the words of "State Press" are not exaggerated.—Houston Post.



DRINK
BECCO
BETTER THAN BEER

The sinews of a nation—the health, strength and happiness of a community depend to a great extent on its eating and drinking. There's one drink that is so healthful and nutritious that it has been called "liquid food"—It's Becker's BECCO! For old and young—Everybody likes BECCO! It's better by test than all the rest.

JESSE C. OLSON CO.—Was. 382
Salt Lake Distributor
Becker Manufacturing Company
OGDEN, UTAH